The Range Men, L.V. Kelly H.A. ("Fred") Kanouse.
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Early in the spring of 1871 H.A. ("Fred") Kanouse, then a young man in his early twenties, came into "Hudson's Bay territory," as Alberta was called among the American traders, to establish a trading-post. The party consisted of three other white men and an Indian squaw, all well armed and with a good supply of trading stock, including whisky. They proceeded north beyond Whoop-Up for a hundred miles or more and built a strong "fort" on logs on the Elbow River, three or four miles up from the Bow. This would be within the present city limits of Calgary. Bloods, under a chief named White Eagle, came to trade, and business was good for a time, though White Eagle early displayed indications of surliness. These symptoms grew, the chief and his braves showed more signs of surliness and arrogance.....Later a white man of the Kanouse party had a slight altercation with a brave which resulted in the white man bending a heavy six-shooter across the skull of the red man. The wrath of White Eagle boiled out, and he harangued his men with fiery vigor, demanding the blood of the whites, and urging the desirability of it commercially, in addition to honor and glory. They could get, he said, the entire stock of arms, whisky and other articles for nothing at all. Crossing the river at the head of his men, he led them toward the house on the flat and Kanouse went to meet him, accompanied by one of his companions. Without waste of passing moments White Eagle shot and killed Kanouse's companion, and the next instant dropped dead from a bullet from Kanouse's gun. A volley followed and the white man's arm was shattered near the shoulder by three of the huge, smashing balls from a smooth-bore musket.

From behind barricaded doors the traders stood off the savage charge of the Indians for three days. The house was divided into two compartments by heavy logs running clear across the building, one half of the structure being windowless and without doors. Under these logs one of the white men burrowed and hid himself in a hole he dug in the dark compartment, leaving Kanouse and one other white man to stand off the natives The squaw did splendid service in keeping the rifles loaded, while the white coward, whose name was Fisher, stayed hidden away during the three days. So successfully did the defenders shoot that the Bloods after this period of fightingasked for a truce in which to bury their dead. This being granted, there was a lull, and Kanouse dickered with a Blackfoot brave to ride to Highwood River and notify a party of traders who hadlocated there, the Blackfoot undertaking to do this upon receipt of a six-shooter and other valuable. The High River traders came at once, the Bloods withdrew, and peace reigned again. Then the relieving party ook axes and cut through the partition to Fisher, whom they found in the last stages of fear,and who could hardly be persuaded he had been saved.

pp. 104.....Next came hurried information (to the N.W.M.P.) that the Mountain Kootenays were making fierce war on Fred Kanouse's Kootenay place, Fort Warren. The Indians had grown surly toward Kanouse and the men with him, expressing their displeasure more and more strongly until finally a chief came in and pointing a gun at Kanouse's partner indicated his intention of killing him. Again Kanouse's ready gun flashed and the threatener dropped, while from the outside arose the war-cry.

The Mounted Police detachment hastened to the rescue, and arrived in time to count a few dead Kootenays, Kanouse and his companions having put the tribesmen to flight after a sharp encounter. Entering the place, the Mounted Police officer in charge of the relieving force met the defenders and received their explanations of the affair. Standing on a sort of counter was an open keg of gunpowder, and one of the narrators, growing excited, waved his gun about, and finally, reaching the dramatic climax when Kanouse shot the chief, pulled the trigger, transmitted the fire to the open keg, and blew out the side of the fort.

pp. 127...The first round-up ever held in southern Alberta took place in the Macleod district in early August of this year (1879), with W.F. Parker holding the position of captain. It was a por enough round-up outfit, consisting of sixteen very indifferently-mounted men and one wagon, and the result of the undertaking was very discouraging. No man had more than one mount, some were riding mares with colts running at their sides; even provisions were at a very low ebb. To help out the larder they sometimes collected the eggs of wild ducks from nearby sloughs, boiling them hard so as not to be worried by the contents. Fred Kanouse shocked many of the newcomers in the party by solemnly declaring he preffered his eggs with the birds in them, and offering to exchange good eggs for bird-filled ones whenever an opportunity arose. The sixteen men who composed the round-up party were W.F. Parke, Captain Winder, Captain Shurtliff, Jack Miller, E.H. Maunsell, Thomas Lee, H.A. Kanouse, Robert Patterson, J.B. Smith, Joe McFarland, H. Olsen, Morgan, Sam Brouard, Bell, Alison, and W.J. Hyde.

All fall (1879) there had been prairie fires raging in various districts but the most thrilling one was that which was started by Fred Kanouse at Macleod. An Indian came into the post one day in the fall with a nice pony that he wanted to dispose of for very little cash. Though it showed indications of mange, it had some good points, and Kanouse purchased it, later treating its mangy spots with generous applications of kerosene, which is very bad for the mange parasite. In Macleod in those days there were often people who wo ld take in their own possession any animal that had no distinguishing brand, and so Kanouse, in order to protect himself, took his new purchase down to the edge of the town where the blacksmith shop was, and proceeded to put his brand on. As he pressed the white-hot iron to the horse's side there was a flash--and then a sheet of flame went dashing across the prairie. The forgotten mange ointment had asserted itself. Before the horse died he hadignited a half-mile of dry grass and a great fire that necessiatated the services of all the men at hand threatened the town for some time, but was eventually extinguished before any real damage was done.

pp. 313..... 1897....Crow's Nest Pass construction was leading into the heart of the Kootenay Indians' country, and the Mounted Police who had been sent in there to maintain order during the introduction of the railway were informed that there was a blood*thirsty Kootenay who had expressed the intention of shooting Fred Kanouse, the old*time trader, on sight. Kanouse, it will be remembered, had quite an active argument with a band of Kootenay Indians at Fort Warren in 1875 wherein a number of good arriors were sent on to their happy futures. This warlike young brave, who was now talking of death and shooting, was a descendant of one of

one of the deceased warriors and wanted to wipe the disgrace of defeat from his family escutcheon by killing the cause of it. The Police officer in charge in the Crow sent word to Kanouse that blood would doubtless flow if the young brave met the trader, and told him he had better remain away if he did not want trouble.

"But," protested Kahouse, "I've got some business at Cranbrook, and I want to go up there. Under present conditions would it be unlawful for me to go armed?"

The Police gave the required permission to carry a gun and Kanouse strapped a six*shooter on and went up into the mountains, arriving at Cranbrook in good shape and not at all worried. There were a number of Kootenays in the place, but the one particular buck was at that moment on the reserve, so Kanouse paid another Indian a dollar to go out and inform the avenger of family that he was in town. Any message like this is always cheerfully and speedily delivered, and the man in search of Kanouse's life was promptly notified. ~~This young brave was all Indian and he experie--~~ When an Indian hunts he likes to hunt, and is often very much put out if the hunted hunts him, especially if it be white men. This young brave was all Indian and he experienced an immediate change of heart, casting his guns to one side and speeding unarmed to Cranbrook, where Kanouse placidly waited with the intention of giving the red man the first chance. This self*sacrificing resolution was happily unnecessary, the Kootenay greeting his family's depopulator with pleasant words and indications of peace. In fact they held a nice conversation during which the Indian told Kanouse that his tribe had resolved never to fight white men behind logs again when they returned after the disastrous fight at Fort Warren. They had tried it several times but always with little success, the last time being the most convincing.

Higginbotham Kanouse

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"In the latter State (Minnesota) he (Kootenai Brown) met, fell in love and married a beautiful French half-breed girl, with whom he spent twelve years of wedded bliss, and who accompanied him to his picturesque haunts at Waterton Lakes. Here he and H.A. (Fred) Kanouse, another adventurous spirit, founded a trading post which proved very profitable.

The Range Men, L.V. Kelly — Remittance Men

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"No story of the early times in Alberta, of its cowmen and their lives, would be complete without a description of the remittance men, the sons of the "good" families who were shipped into the new land ofttimes because when once there they could not come before the people of the old land so prominently. To the ordinary Western mind, a remittance man was a rich Englishman who had proven a failure in his home land and had been shipped into the raw land to kill himself in quiet or to work out his own regeneration if possible. Usually the Westerner looked upon him with the scorn that a capable man feels for the unfit--the scorn that men who made their own way with nothing to start on but a sound constitution feel for the failures who commenced life with the proverbial silver spoon. For years the doings of the remittance men, their misfortunes, characteristics and errors of omission and commission, served as the sauce and dessert over many a camp-fire, for they did strange things. Young men who had tried the parental patience unto the snapping-point were sent to the "colonies" to hibernate, young men who were cursed with drink, women, or idleness to the everlasting disgrace of the "family" so long as they remained within the scope of that exclusive circle, were given money and order to go to Canada and the West. They went, leggings, monocles, caps, accent, and habits, and proved everlasting sources of enjoyment and personal gain to the hard-headed settlers and cowboys. A remittance man in any particular district was a local pride and his doings were magnified and

improved upon for the edification of the inhabitants of other districts, who, if they too owned such a person, listened in superior silence and then came back with more outrageous doings of their own man.

"Remittance man" is a household term in the colonies of Britain, and nowhere is it more thoroughly known and understood than in Western Canada, where the class established an enviable record for themselves and placed a smudge on the name of all Englishmen. There are good men in the isles of Britain, and a good Englishman is second to none in the world but remittance men were all "Englishmen" and the early settlers took to classifying Englishmen as remittance men, to the great derogation of the men of England.

The remittance man of Alberta was as vigorous and busy as any in the land--busy and vigorous in pursuit of leisure, pastime, and mad excitements. He had money--much money that was supplied by anxious "home" people whose anxiety was based on a fear that the undesirable might come home if he were not supplied with sufficient capital to keep things going--so he received sufficient, and kept things "going" to the great edification of the pioneers. They saw him try to rip the interior from drinking-places, they saw him paint the towns brilliant vermilion, they saw him waste money in sinful profusion, and they abetted him in this. They saw him the mainstay of the hotels, the proprietors of which boarded, gave him sleeping rooms, and allowed the bar to trust him, for the regular quarterly cheque would cover any one man 's drinking capacity, and the remittance men did not tote up the bar tallies very carefully anyway. They rolled in

the gutters, they rode through the streets, they drank with every one, and they made pitiful exhibitions of themselves. Sometimes, when they had been sent out to endeavor to make a new start in life, the disgusted folks at home learned of their incorrigibility and cut the remittance off short. Then the pioneers saw sadder things than plain waste: they saw these some scions of good families become ragged and shiftless, drink-beggars, hotel hangers-on, squaw men and worse, though sometimes a brighter result was shown when the latent manhood came to the surface and the remittance man became a man, an upstanding one to whom the opprobrious word "remittance" was no longer given.

The British training of feeling sure that all things learned in England were certainly better than any other teaching, the slow-moving brains of some, the lack of initiative, of originality, marked the general run of them as hopeless for W stern life, where necessity is ever forcing and developing the inventive genius, the adaptability and the power to make one thing do work for a dozen other articles.

A remittance man who wanted to buy some horses to start ranching visited a livery stable and saw two huge mules placidly munching oats from nose-bags. The British mind, working hard, read the plain facts before his face and, believing he knew what he saw, was consequently not at all self-conscious when he turned to the attentive livery keeper and asked with dignity: "I say, do you always have to keep them muzzled?"

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Another is the slow thinker who takes time to consider what he hears. One time a party of lords who had come into the country to shoot ducks and other things employed a settler--an educated gentleman--to act as guide. One of the lords was a splendid man and he warmed up to the settler when he learned that he knew and respected a branch of the latter's family in the old country, and they grew quite friendly. Ducks whirred up from a nearby slough, an aristocratic shotgun whanged and a splendid wing-shot brought a large drake flopping to the ground, a wire fence being between the marksman and his bird.

"Ow, my good fellah," called the nimrod to the guide: "just climb ovah theah and fetch that bird, like a good fellah."

The guide, amazed and surprised, promptly replied: "Pick up your own damn bird!" and walked on accompanied by the friend of the family branch, who remained very silent for nearly an hour, when he stopped, slapped his thigh and bellowed: "Haw ! haw! Served 'im bloody well right!"

He had been diagnosing the conversation between his friend and the guide, he had reasoned slowly and surely until he had arrived at the final and correct result that the guide had only done perfectly right in retorting as he did

High River settlers remember a remittance man who went through one hundred thousand dollars in a few years and finally came down to driving a sawdust cart. This man had been sent out to try his hand at ranching, and he did it all-over the bar of the hotel--writing hopeful letters home of great success inthe near future, of a splendid ranch, grand

cattle, and a life of brilliant promise. One day this man received word that his father was coming to spend a few days with him on the "ranch," and he was greatly perturbed until he thought of the ingenious scheme of renting a ranch, stock, cattle, everything, for the week of the visit and "employing" the owner as hired man. This worked to perfection; the father came, a staid old English gentleman who displayed considerable pride in the success the son hadmade in the new land. Every one in High River knew of the arrangement, every one joined cheerfully in deceiving the old gentleman, treating the son as a man of weight and speaking often of the ranch. The father went out, saw the rolling plains, neat fences, snug buildings, goodly stock, and was so pleased that when he left for home at the end of a week he tipped the owner of the place and gave his promising offspring another ten thousand dollars, which that worthy proceeded to dissipate in riotous living. Later, after a strenuous struggle with the sawdust, the cart, and the cart-horse, this man was taken ill and went to a hospital where he proceeded to fallin love with a nurse and marry her. Fortunately for his wife an affectionate aunt of the husband passed quietly away shortly after the marriage and left a large fortune which drew the spendthrift back to England where he became a respected and sober member of some high-class community.

A remittance man who sought employment on a ranch was told to take his team and do some ploughing, the rancher later going into the corral and seeing his hired man standing irresolutely by the team and perplexedly eyeing one horse who seemed useless, there being only room between ~~the~~

the plough-handles for one animal! Another of the class was sent to town with a team of light horses attached to a light wagon. As it was a town trip the animals were checked high, which the driver did not notice until after a long, hot drive, when he came to a creek and decided to water them. But how was he to get their heads down when checked up? A cowboy rode along just as the remittance person had solved this problem by standing knee-deep in the creek and lifting the rear wheels of the vehicle in order to let the thirsty horses get their heads down.

Another and less cheerful case was of another married pair. These people were of "very good family" rich and respected, but had contracted the drink habit to such an extent that they disgraced the dignified relatives and were persuaded to try life anew in the far North-West. They tried chiefly because it presented a choice haven where they could drink all they wanted to without bothering anyone at all, and they created considerable sensation. A remittance of one hundred and fifty pounds a month was settled on the pair, and they purchased some few hundred acres of land, furnished a house sumptously with pianos and all comforts, purchased a thousand dollar bull and a drove of thoroughbred hogs and filled their cellar with extensive shipments of choice spirits. Chosen friends flocked to them and they sorted out the most hilarious and kept them. They drank at night and morning, and their money went as soon as it arrived. One of their amusements was the intoxication of their seven-year-old son, whom they often filled with whisky for the edification of themselves and friends. One night when a party of the select

were at this place some brilliant spirit thought of the highly humorous idea of bringing the bull into the parlor and making it sing to the accompaniment of the piano, which would be played by the lady of the house, a most accomplished musician. No sooner was it thought and spoken than it was done. They dragged the animal from the snug stall, hauled him to the house, prodded him into the lighted parlor and tied him close to the piano. The mellow chords had scarce commenced before the mighty brute had spied the window and realized that it was a route to freedom. Bellowing madly with fear, he surged to it, dragging the thousand dollar musical instrument ruining that as he crashed through the window, and ruining his own thousand-dollar neck as he broke it leaping forth. The company was quite downcast for a time, not because of property loss but simply because the bull had refused to sing. They drank a few more rounds and then the thinker was smitten with another thought, an original and stunningly-appealing proposition. Every one was hungry, there were some hundred-dollar pigs in the pens--why not have some fresh pigs' liver? By the light of lanterns they got it, cutting the warm livers from several quickly-slaughtered porkers and throwing the remainder of the bodies on the manure heap. By morning they all went to town to replenish the stock of spirits and those bodies of dead pigs lay and rotted where thrown, while the body of the dead bull ornamented the ground below the window. In time the woman died, the man went from bad to worse, and the boy, a stunted youth, became an early drunkard.

It can easily be seen from the foregoing just what basis the old timers had for the solid contempt they felt for these useless sons, and the spirit of the old settler in the following anecdote will be appreciated:

There lived in Alberta at one time a man who was perhaps the finest liar who lived, a man whom Ananias would have sat at the feet of, a plain and fancy, straight-forward and skilled prevaricator. Nobody believed him, nobody took any pains to keep him from knowing how they felt, for he really was an outrageous liar. Came a monocled remittance man, trustful, friendly, and the liar seized him as prey. All day they stood at the bar rail and the settler talked while the newcomer paid. All day the victim listened until at last even his confiding innocence could not believe all. Politely excusing himself, he left the untruthful one and went elsewhere, eventually meeting a settler to whom he confided his belief that the well-known liar was in his opinion an untruthful man. Indignation shook the frame of the listener, and shoving a horny fist in the remittance man's face he demanded retraction and apology, quick and complete, which came promptly from the astonished and befuddled victim.

"What made ye do sech uh thing?" demanded bystanders in amazement. "Ye know thet ole larruper is the biggest liar in the world'."

"That may be all right," admitted the defender breathing hard and looking grim, "but I ain't goin' tuh let no pin-headed remittance man say it!"

The fourteenth or fifteenth heir to a dukedom, who had been sent into Alberta where he could not sear the eyes and

the ears of his family any more, spent his remittance so fast that he was always very tightly pinched before the next one arrived. This was so annoying that he sought and obtained employment on a ranch, and departed thenceforth for the hills, there to ride and chase the wild cattle. Two days afterwards he was back in town, and a curious native wondered audibly why he had quit work:

"Got a vacation?" he asked.

"I was dischawged," was the dignified reply.

"How's that?" sympathized the inquisitor.

"I cawn't just make it out," said the mystified ex-ranch hand "but my employah awsked me to go and get some cattle. I don't remember whether he awsked me to bring him two eleven-year-olds or eleven two-year-olds, but anyway when I returned he was awfully angry and rude and dischawged me at once. I've just beenthinking that I must have brought the wrong cattle."

They were the natural butt of the cowboy's jokes, and the mirth of most foregatherings. One man who was visiting at a ranch mounted his horse and started toward town, the rancher seeing him dismount about a mile distant, tie his horse to a fence-post, and walk back to the house,

"What's the matter?" asked the host.

"Nothing," came the reply in somewhat surprised tones, "I just forgot to take a couple of letters with me, so I came back to get them."

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Whiskey

"In the meantime whisky rolled into the land in every conceivable
-1888
way. It came branded as red ink, it came in in bales of hay, in loads of oats, even in kerosene cans, boots, boxes and kegs. A shipment of Bibles arrived at one town, and the settlers purchased them so avidly and hastened a way so rapidly to commune with themselves and the book's contents that the Mounted Police smelled a rat, the study of the Bible not being a pronounced habit of the majority of Westerners in those days. Upon purchasing one of these coveted volumes the Police smelled more than a rat, for the " Bible" was a little metal cask, formed like a book, branded like a book and entitled "Holy Bible" in gilt letters, but filled with whisky'-."